

earth, and begging his life at thy hands;—turn thy eyes to the innocent sheep, and other cattle around thee, who, with down-cast looks, are lamenting their master's fate, and upbraiding thee for thy most unnatural barbarity. But wicked *Cain*, however, according to the sacred history, actually murdered his brother; and, as might well be expected, was afterwards severely punished for so doing. A shocking instance this of the wicked and cruel lengths to which a man may be prompted to run, when he becomes a slave to envy, malice, revenge, or any other vicious passion! Take care then, my good little masters and mistresses, whatever you do, take care, I say, that you govern your passions.

There are many other pictures in the gallery, which are well executed, and as instructive as those we have been describing. But there are two in particular, which I must not omit. The first of them is a fine one of Master *Allworthy*; a young gentleman of such wonderful accomplishments, both natural and acquired, and

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who had such a winning behaviour, so many amiable and truly excellent qualities, that he was beloved by all the children in the Castle; and was his favourite with the Giant, that he had his picture to be drawn and placed in the gallery among the rest, to prove how much he esteemed him. He was, indeed, a very handsome young man, the painter (who was one of the best hands in the country) had drawn him to the life, and with the justice imaginable. He was dressed in a scarlet trimmed with gold; a pretty little lamb on one side, and a dove on the other, as a symbol of his innocence, and an eagle on the other, as a symbol of his great sagacity. “Do pray, Mr. Allworthy, be so kind as to give us a copy of this picture, so that we may all have a love to look upon it dearly.”